

# NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS KNOWN, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS GROWN WITH CARE."

9--V. L. XXIII.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1811

1157

## NORVAL AND JULIA.

*A Scottish Tale.*

[Continued]

The subject was Norval, when the noise of the door opening caused Julia to look that way, so instantly recognizing the baron, shrieked with joy, and starting from the chair, flew to him—laying her cold trembling hand upon his arm, and gazing intently in his face, as though expected to discover there her fate, exclaiming in an agony of anxiety and impatience, "how! how! how is it—?" Here utterance failed, and overpowered by her emotions, she fainted convulsed upon his bosom. Having applied for some time various remedies in vain, Lady Malcomb began to fear she would not recover, and was giving way to all the horrors of despair, when youth and a strong constitution length gained a victory over the malady occasioned by the acuteness of her sensibility. She once more opened her eyes, and laying her hand upon her heart, as if to quiet its violent pulsation, looked earnestly at her mother, comprehending her meaning, said "comfort yourself my dear child, your benefactor lives only to make us happy." She laid her hands and eyes to Heaven in thanksgiving for the good bestowed upon her. Her transports of joy and in a proud ejaculation she exclaimed, "O great and beneficent being who reignest above all eyes of pity the errors and consequent woes of poor mortality." Having by this time composed her agitated spirits, she waited in patience till the baron had refreshed himself for the promised recital. The frolic being ended, he related to them the story of Norval, with the unaccountable conduct of the armed figure who had put a period to the existence of Malcomb. Many were the conjectures formed on this strange event by the interested part of the company; many were the speculations of the amiable Julia on receiving the news of her father's death; it is not to be supposed the countess's affliction was great on the occasion; she wept it is true, but her tears were those of sympathy and humanity. The recollections of grief over the part of Julia, being well assured, by the baron's account, that neither Norval nor any of his vassals had terminated her father's existence, she became calmer, and retired soon after with her mother to bed. Early as the dawn they arose, and Julia being habited herself for the journey, and permitted the same office for her mother, they descended to the parlour, where they found every thing in readiness for their morning's repast; breakfast over the baron arose, and amply recompensing the good old couple for their careful attention to the amiable mourners, departed from the hospitable, though humble cottage, with Lady Malcomb and her daughter. Close to the termination of the little winding path led the carriage; they entered in silence, and began their journey to the castle of Duncomb, where Norval had promised to meet them. The journey was fine, every thing charmed the delight of Julia, especially the motion and convenience

of the coach; new wonders were continually rising to her view, and in the fullness and innocence of her heart, she expressed her gratitude and love for the man who had put it in her power to enjoy such numerous blessings. Towards night the sky became overcast, and by its lowering appearance threatened them with an approaching storm; big drops of rain descended, the vivid lightning shot along the Heavens like streams of fire, followed by loud tremendous peals of thunder, which reverberated in low hollow murmurs along the distant mountains; all nature seemed convulsed. The solemn silence which prevailed at intervals was ever and anon interrupted by the birds of night, who flew by with horrid screams in search of shelter rendering the dreary gloom still more dreadful. The trembling fainting Julia threw herself into the arms of her mother for protection, who through sickness and fatigue was scarcely able to support herself, yet forgetful of her own sufferings, she endeavored to soothe and comfort the terrified Julia, who had never in her life beheld a scene so tremendously awful. It was no longer in the power of the servants to conduct the carriage; the horses, affrighted by the lightning, refused the reins, and flew along the craggy road with incredible velocity, threatening every moment with destruction, the vehicle and its inhabitants. In a moment, when suddenly the horses fell with dreadful violence down a steep declivity; the coachman, who unable to keep his seat, had been thrown at the same moment from his box, and rolling down the hill, had received no material injury, now came up to render the baron and the two ladies all the service in his power. The carriage was broken by the fall; having assisted the baron to get out, they essayed to extricate Lady Malcomb and her daughter from their perilous situation; vain the attempt; without a light they found it impracticable; he spoke to them; they answered not; language is inadequate to express the agonizing horror of the baron. The storm still continued with unabated violence; how to assist his unfortunate companions he knew not; he clasped his hands and raised his supplicating eyes to Heaven, when suddenly a flash of lightning, followed by another, shewed the turret of a castle; he hastened immediately towards it, and quickly reached the gate, where, fastened to a rusty chain, hung a horn, which applying to his lips, thrice he sounded, then stopped; when, lo! a man appeared and demanded his business; he told him his distress, and begged assistance; the porter replied he would acquaint his lord, who, he doubted not, would relieve him, then departed. In less than ten minutes the baron discovered a number of lights in the castle; the many bolts of the gate were unloosed, which opened with a harsh grating noise; the drawbridge being let down he was desired to enter; a tall majestic man met him in the hall, who said his servants should fetch the ladies to his castle, where every assistance in his power should be afforded them. The baron gratefully thanked the stranger for his goodness, and departed, attended by a number of domestics bearing torches; they soon arrived at

the place where the carriage lay, and with very little difficulty extricated Lady Malcomb and her daughter, who were carried to the castle, all appearance lifeless, where the domestic physician attending, ordered them to be immediately put to bed. Julia was the first that recovered; she acquired with frantic eagerness after her mother; the servants attending assured her of her safety.

Lady Malcomb, who lay in an adjoining chamber, remained unconscious of every occurrence, not being recovered from her fit; the physician having let her blood, administered a cordial, but almost without hope of her recovery; after near an hour's anxious expectation, leaving a deep sigh, she once more opened her eyes, and cast them round the room with eager wildness, as if in search of something, then clasping her hands together, exclaimed, "where is my child, my Julia? why do I not see her? why does she not come and ease my anxious heart?" The physician endeavored to calm her perturbed mind by assuring her Julia was in safety, but being a little indisposed had been put to bed; and he doubted not that by the morning she would be perfectly recovered, and able to attend on her ladyship; he then departed, leaving Lady Malcomb more composed. Julia, unable to resist the solicitude every change in the countenance of her revered parent. Towards morning she awoke; the gentle Julia tenderly taking her hand, inquired, with fond affection, how she found herself. Alas! how was she astonished and terrified, when, instead of replying, she cast on her a vacant look, turned from her, and exclaimed with frantic horror, "Save me! Oh save me from the tyrant! Ah! what frightful spectre is that? Oh! monster! are you not satisfied with having killed my Edmund, and do you want to take from me my child, my darling babe? Oh! restore her to my fond arms; let me see her ere I die; let me embrace my child and bless her." Quite exhausted by the violence of her emotions, she sunk on her pillow, and remained for some time apparently motionless. Julia now looked round the room, and beheld the figure of Lord Malcomb. "Oh Julia (he cried) I am the spirit of thy wretched wicked father; but thou wilt be happy with Norval; and thy mother will be happy with the man who has sent me to my grave with all my sins upon my head." This said, he vanished. Julia, overcome with terror, was incapable of calling for assistance, and remained speechless by her mother's side, with her hand clasped in hers, when fortunately the physician entered the chamber, who perceiving the state of insensibility into which her mother was fallen, opened a vein, which quickly restored her to life, though not to reason; her spirits however, seemed less agitated, and she appeared inclined to sleep.

Julia finding her tranquil, was at length persuaded to quit the room, and attend their benevolent hosts and Baron Fitzosborne in the breakfast parlour, where she was expected with impatience. She instantly descended, and was conducted by the physician into the presence

of the three last mentioned persons. They congratulated her on her happy escape, and with anxious solicitude inquired after the health of her dear parents; and expressed their sorrow for her illness in terms the most pathetic, and grateful to the heart of an affectionate daughter.

To be concluded next week,

## NOBILITY EVERY WHERE.

A young English nobleman was introduced at an assembly of one of the first ladies of Naples, by a Neapolitan gentleman. While he was there his snuff box was stolen from him. The next day being at another house he saw a person taking snuff out of his box. He ran to his friend. 'There (said he) that man in blue, with gold embroidery, is taking snuff out of the box which was stolen from me yesterday. Do you know him? Is not he a sharper?—' 'Take care (said the other) that is a man of the first quality.' 'I do not care for his quality (said the Englishman) I must have my snuff box again: I'll go and ask him for it.' 'Pray (said his friend) be quiet, and leave it to me to get back your snuff box. Upon this assurance the Englishman went away, after inviting his friend to dine with him the next day. He accordingly came, and as he entered—' 'There (said he) I have brought your snuff box.' 'Well (said the Englishman) how did you obtain it?' 'Why (said the Neapolitan nobleman) I did not wish to make any noise about it, therefore I picked his pocket as it is!'

## SELECT SENTENCES.

To a mind not perfectly at ease, there is something extremely pleasing in the quietness of the country. It is like that artificial repose which is acquired by opiates after long watching; like that too, though it neither strengthens nor nourishes, it allows us time to recover our faculties, which are often as

It is too often the case that the agreeable qualities of the heart are more attractive than that steady virtue of the soul which ought ever to form the strongest link of friendship. The easy, cheerful and entertaining companion, pleases more than the determined adherer to reason, virtue and religion! This is the nature of the human mind—and it is the source of fatal errors.

How monstrous it is, and how lamentable that gross particles are sometimes mixed in a noble creature! and how unfortunate that the vulgar, which makes so vast a majority of the world, can better comprehend what is fallible in him, than what is great and glorious! Those who have great endowments from nature and from acquisitions, should therefore carefully correct all their errors, since they destroy the power to be exemplary and useful which heaven has so bountifully bestowed upon them, and are at once ungrateful to providence and unjust to themselves.

When mankind are in an humour to be captious, moral writings, in the press, are liable to their censure. The most formidable of all dreads to writers, who rest not contented with the testimony of a clear conscience, is a laboured, shivering kind of charitable praise, intended to communicate a sort of mental ague to the soaring mind.

There is a similitude between the cultivation of a young and tender mind and that of a garden. The same precautions are necessary to be used. Even the rough gardener perceives how much better he succeeds when he plants the young shrub with a tender hand; and instead of tearing by force the noxious weed that entwines the tender twig, he gently lops it off, and takes infinite pains throughout not to destroy where it is his intention to improve. The reason why flatterers are better received than real friends is, because they endeavour to win upon their prey by softness and persuasion, which gains the confidence of the deluded, and by that means gives power to destroy. Why is not the same assiduity and gentle persuasion used by real friends? For though the motives are diametrically opposite, yet the same means would undoubtedly produce the desired effect.

## THE SWISS EMIGRANT.

BY MISS AIREN.

FAREWELL, farewell, my native land,  
A long farewell to joy and thee!  
On thy last rock I lingering stand,  
Thy last rude rock how dear to me!

Once more I view the valleys fair,  
But dimly view with tearful eye;  
Once more I breathe thy healthful air,  
But breathe it in how deep a sigh!

Ye vales, with downy verdure spread,  
Ye groves that drink the sparkling stream,  
As bursting from the mountains head  
Its foaming waves in silver gleam.

Ye lakes, that catch the golden beam  
That floods with fire yon peak of snow,  
As evening vapours bluely stream  
And dimly roll their volumes slow;

Scenes on this bursting heart impress  
By every thrill of joy, of woe,  
The bliss of childhood's vacant breast,  
Of warmer youth's impassioned glow.

The tears by filial duty shed  
Upon the low, the peaceful tomb,  
Where sleep, too blest, the reverend dead  
Unconscious of their country's doom;

Say, can Helvetia's patriot child  
A wretched exile bear to roam,  
Nor sink upon the lonely wild,  
Nor die to leave his native home?

His native home? No home has he;  
He scorns in servile yoke to bow;  
He scorns the land no longer free—  
Alas he has no country now!

Ye snow-clad Alps, whose mighty mound,  
To check the prone descending Gaul.

What hunter now with daring leaps  
Shall chase the ibex o'er your rocks?  
Who clothe with vines your rugged steep?  
Who guard from wolves your tumbling flocks?

While low the freeborn sons of toil  
Lie sunk amid the slaughter'd brave,  
To freedom true the stubborn soil  
Shall pine and starve the puny slave.

Spoilers, who poured your ravens' bands  
To gorge on Latium's fertile plains,  
And filed your gold rapacious hands  
From regal domes and sculptured fanes,

What seek ye here?—Our nigard earth  
Nor gold nor sculptured trophies owns  
Our wealth was peace and guileless mirth,  
Our trophies were the invaders' bones!

Burst not, my heart, as dimly swell  
Morat's proud glories on my view!  
Heroic scenes, a long farewell!  
I fly from madness and from you.

Beyond the dread Atlantic deep  
One gleam of comfort shines for me—  
There shall these bones untroubled sleep,  
And press the earth of Liberty.

Wide, wide that waste of waters rolls,  
And sadly smiles that stranger land,  
Yet there I hail congenial souls,  
And freemen give the brother's hand.

Columbia, hear the exiles' prayer.  
To him thy fostering love impart—  
So shall he hail with patriot care,  
So guard thee with a filial heart!

Yet O forgive, with anguish fraught  
If sometimes start the unbidden tear,

As tyrant Memory wakes the thought,  
'Still, still I am a stranger here!'

Thou vaquish land, once proud and free,  
Where first this fleeting breath I drew,  
This heart must ever beat for thee,  
In absence near—in misery true.

## MARRIAGE

Is an institution that is almost coexistent with the world and of sacred origin; the union of the sexes is expressly forbidden without this previous ceremony, and is calculated to entail dishonor and reproach on those who participate in a guilty connection. The seducer of women's virtues ought to be detested as a wretch unfit for civilized society—their purity and virtue is what renders them so estimable in the eyes of the world, and makes their society pleasing and valuable; let them be robbed of those invaluable qualities, and they lose all respect and attention even he who practices the most nefarious arts to deprive them of that chastity, which without artifice finds he cannot rob them of, will when they have it, with their honor, for they are inseparably united, despise and condemn them for their credulity and weakness, mingling with his boasts of success, conquest, ridicule for their folly.

Nature has given us a predilection for the society of each other, and the intercourse is sweetened by the reflections of the chastity and virtue which are attributed to the female sex. Where we believe the qualities are wanting, their converse instead of being courted is shunned, and they merit the humiliating contempt bestowed on them by the world. Marriage being an institution established for the gratification of nature, and to afford all the delights of sexual bliss without alloy or reproach; it being a mode of enjoyment inculcated by divine precept, any conduct which has a tendency to bring discredit or ridicule upon merits severe animadversion. The practice of making marriages only to afford a transient amusement and without design to be carried into effect, is calculated to deserve the severest censure. It may be alleged to be an innocent recreation, and not resulting from evil; but can any thing be innocent or even excusable which can attach disgrace or contempt to the nuptial tie; a tie as sacred and inviolable as can be made by woman to man; one that requires the most upright and irreproachable conduct in those whose fate has linked together, and whose interests and pleasures become by the act indissolubly united. Even acts in themselves perfectly foreign to crime and evil, have been known to cause consequences, which if not amounting to guilt, are at least reprehensible. Such acts ought to be carefully performed, and conduct which is in the least calculated to afford reproach or ridicule to any sacred obligation, ought to be carefully avoided. It will if persisted in, lead progressively to conduct highly dangerous and destructive, and by means imperceptible to the author of it—it is the surest step to ruin in the bud any pernicious habit of practice, and before it has arrived to such a height as to become difficult to conquer, it is in its infancy we can repress or subdue it most effectually.

Fictitious matrimony has also this fatal effect, and becomes publicly known, and the venomous tongue of slander panting for a subject that will give vent and circulation to the rancorous feelings of a diabolical beast, misrepresents and falsely echoes the affair, receiving fresh supplies from each envious one by whom it is related, till it returns with such a weight of calumny as to make the partners blush for the inadvertency they were guilty of. Let it not be imagined or inferred by your female readers that I presume any thing derogatory to their character, far be it from me to do so, no one estimates more highly and can set a greater value upon the female sex than I do—I consider them as the ornament of society, when their conduct is marked by a circumspect and correct behaviour—it is only an evil custom which calumny can and will represent to the disadvantage of their reputation that I desire to see abolished. I have lived long enough in the world to be a parent and have had some experience—that experience with observation has taught me to affix a sterling worth upon character, and to do no act which can endanger it.

MENTOR.



# The Weekly Museum.

NEW YORK, APRIL 6, 1811.

On the evening of the 29th ult. a small house owned by Mr. Green, in Pitt street, Baltimore, Md. Two hundred dollars in bank notes were destroyed.

On Saturday Morning last, about 4 o'clock, the dwelling house of Mr. Samuel Lewis, at Wallingford, with almost all its contents, was destroyed by fire, his mother, Mrs. Esther Lewis, 83 years, and widow of Mr. Ichabod Lewis, deceased, perished in the flames.

Conn. Herald of March 26.

## SPOTTED FEVER.

WINDSOR, VM MARCH 25, 1811.

WINDSOR, VM MARCH 25, 1811. The ravages of this disease continue to be very distressing and alarming. Five deaths took place during the last week. At the date of intelligence from thence (the 12th inst.) there were sick in the same house; and it was said to be forty cases in town. The number of deaths of this disease, since its commencement in the towns of Stenstead, Barnston, and Hately, (L. C.) are stated at about 100. The disease, however, considering the number of cases, has not proved more fatal than

North Star.

Kene, (N. H.) March 9.

On Friday evening last about dusk, a robbery was committed on a young Mr. Harris of Fitchburg, on the Fitzwilliam turnpike, by calling himself George Ryan, of Montpelier. He is a well looking man, and has the appearance of a gentleman. He had been in the town of Montpelier, apparently without any business, for a week, and on Sunday afternoon after leaving pretty freely, proceeded towards Boston. He was armed with a pair of pistols, and a dirk. After taking the man's pocket book containing only a trix, he threatened two teamsters, who had neither money nor watches, were suffered to go. Soon after he stopped at Mr. Osborn's in Fitchwilliam, and while enquiring something to drink, one of the teamsters on an alarm being given one of his friends presented in defence having fired from him, he mounded his horse and took to the woods on foot after he fled about a mile. Soon after the horse was surrounded, and about nine o'clock he was after a violent struggle, during which he was shot by his other pistol at Doct. Lane of Fitchburg, and after closing with him attempted to strike with his dirk, but first striking his leg so bent the point, that further resistance was proved ineffectual. He was then secured, and examined the next morning by Ebenezer Wright, Esq. who ordered to be committed to Charlestown gaol, to stand trial before the Superior Court, next term in May.

Marietta, March 12.

Part of the fire on Blannerhassett's island in our last, proves to have been too small. We learn that three negroes employed

on the island, undertook on the night of Saturday week to pass over to the Virginia side of the Ohio in a canoe, which they overset, and one of them was drowned. The other two returned to the house about 3 o'clock in the morning, chilled in their attempts to save the fellow, and one of them in procuring fire, caught with it some hemp in the north wing. After ineffectual attempts to quench it himself, he ran to raise his fellows in the south wing. Had he immediately alarmed Mr. Neal who occupied the house, it might perhaps have been saved. But while he omitted the cry of fire, and was obtaining assistance of the negroes, the flames had progressed too far to be arrested. Part of the furniture of Mr. Neal was saved. The utensils, wearing apparel, and various other valuable articles of Mr. Cashwell, cabinet maker, were consumed in the north wing—and Mr. Cashwell himself, in attempting to save some effects from the house, was severely scorched and narrowly escaped perishing. A sudden burst of flame prostrated him on the floor; he rose with difficulty, and had the good fortune, through smoke and flames, to escape at a window.

Mr. Miller of Kentucky, who holds Mr. Blannerhassett's estate on the island, has suffered very considerably by this event. He had for two years devoted the plantation to the rising of hemp; he had high expectations of the profits from last year's cultivation—but a great part of his hemp (dressed and packed away in the house) was destroyed by the fire—besides which he has lost about 250 bushels of hempseed intended for the present year, which perhaps cannot be seasonably replaced.

## A REMARKABLE CURE.

A man by the name of Solomon Orser, who is now living in the township of Kingston, in the province of Upper Canada, was for a number of years afflicted with a sore which extended over nearly half the surface of his leg. During this painful period he left untried no means of recovery suggested by his own experience or the advice of many skilful physicians who assiduously attended him. But all their efforts were marked with unsuccess, and the final resort of salivation was a tended with no salutary effects. On the contrary, his complaint grew worse and was at length accompanied by such a burning heat that he could not lie in bed. One night as he lay in extreme anguish by the fire, it occurred to his mind to apply scraped turnips to the affected part. This experiment he instantly tried, and on the first application found the juice so acid that it scalded the skin off the well part of his leg. He then scraped another poultice & squeezed out the juice which he applied to the sore, and soon found ease from the application. The effect produced by the virtues of this vegetable was such that the affected parts soon became purged and fell off; it then began to heal, and so continued until a perfect cure was effected. This information was obtained through a channel too correct to leave room for a single doubt of its authenticity.

## CISTERNS

made and put in the ground warranted tight by  
**DUNN AND ROTHERY,**  
ROSE-STREET,  
Two doors from Pearl-Street

Window Blinds of every description for Sale. Old Blinds repaired and painted in the neatest manner Cisterns made, & put in the ground and warranted tight by  
**C. ALFORD.**  
No 15 Catharine street near the Watch house

## COURT OF HIMEN.

### MARRIED.

On Saturday afternoon last, by the Rev Mr Parkinson, Capt. A. Young, to Miss Phoebe R. Langdon, both of this city.

At Philadelphia—Augustine Stevenson merchant, to Miss Ann Barclay

At Newark—Amos Mercette to Miss Susan Looker

At Charleston—Wm. Parker esq. to Miss Mary Maria Chaplen

At Baltimore—George Tyson merchant to Miss Hannah Bull

At Edinburg—John Sangster esq. of the Island of Tobago, to Miss C. D. Matthews, late of the Island of Dominique

At Savannah—by the Rev. Mr. Kollock, Mr. T. W. Williams to Miss Harriet Costigan

### MORTALITY

#### DIED.

On Sunday evening, in the 38th year of her age, of a lingering illness, which she bore with christian fortitude, Mrs. Martha Baldwin, widow of Samuel Baldwin, of this city

On Monday morning last, suddenly, of an apoplectic fit, Mr. Richard Leaycraft, aged 39, an old revolutionary character

On the same day, Mr. Archibald McNiven.

On Tuesday evening, Mr. Elias Haviland, aged 38 years

On Wednesday last, at Greenwich, the widow Elizabeth Staples, mother of the late John Staples, aged 103 years

On Thursday morning of a lingering illness, Mrs. Cleland, wife of George Cleland

At Albany—Solomon Townsend, Esq. one of the representatives of this city in the House of Assembly of this state. He was seized with an apoplectic fit in the House on Wednesday morning, and expired at ten o'clock in the evening. His remains were interred at Albany on Friday

At Augusta—on the 10th inst, Mr. Dennis Driscoll late editor of the Georgia Chronicle

## CHEAP SHOE STORE,



At No 91 Broadway,

Opposite Trinity Church

The following assortment of Ladies Shoes, selling off at the most reduced prices:

A large and elegant supply of the new fashioned Shoes to buckle, double and single soles. Likewise London dress slips to buckle, the latest fashion from Europe. Grecian Sandals, and all the different kinds of Lace Shoes now worn.

Slips, Boots and Lace Boots. Misses and Childrens Shoes of all the above fashions, being all made of the best materials and the latest importations.

### MATERIALS.

Kid and Morocco dress and undress, satin, silk, velvet, jane, shammy, nankeen, &c of all the most favorite colours now worn in Europe and America.

A large and elegant assortment of the newest fashioned silver and plated buckles of the most favourite patterns, sold lower than they can now be imported.

A constant supply of the above articles may be had by applying at the above number

**HIRAM GARDNER**

### TAKE NOTICE

It will be well worth the attention of the ladies of this city, and elsewhere, to apply as above, not only on account of the cheapness but the superior quality of the materials with which the articles are manufactured.

March 30

1156-1f

## COURT OF APOLLO.

### FAREWELL TO IRELAND.

Farewell to my country, a lasting farewell!  
Sweet scenes of my childhood forever adieu!  
Now hid from my sight is the flowery dell,  
And now the dear cabin reedes from my view—  
Thy murmuring streams no more breathe on mine ear;  
Thy wild waving woods too are lost to my sight  
Sweet gem of the world I drop the sad tear,  
Adieu farewell to Erin, dear land of delight.

Sweet days that are past how ye come o'er my soul!  
Ye chill my warm blood as the sad scenes I trace,  
Though time shakes his sand and wide waters roll,  
Nor distance nor seasons those scenes shall efface.  
Brave, brave were thy sons, unshaken by fear,  
And blooming thy maidens to my ravish'd sight  
Sweet gem of the world! I drop the sad tear,  
To Erin, dear Erin! the land of delight.

The tempest arose and the ravager came—  
Thy streams stain'd with blood reveal'd the sad tale!  
Thy wild waving woods were shrouded with flame,  
And the hell hounds of war descended the vale—  
Oh! my mother, my sisters, my Kathleen so dear,  
Can I think without madness on that horrid night  
To your shades ye belov'd ones, I drop the sad tear,  
And to Erin, dear Erin! the land of delight.

### ON INJURIES.

He ne'er will pardon, who has done the wrong.

He who has injured seldom will be just,  
The smallest accident creates distrust.  
Hard to forgive—unwilling to believe;  
The heart that suffers will no more deceive;  
But with new doubt would aggravate the pain,  
And chill that confidence he might obtain.  
Not so the generous mind, though suffering long,  
It freely pardons and forgets the wrong.  
For every pang it gives, the keenest sense  
Swells with remorse and magnifies the offence—  
For every wrong with consciousness will glow,  
And seek that mercy which itself would show.

### THE PRUDENT HUSBAND.

Dick's wife was sick, and posed the doctor's skill,  
Who differed how to cure th' inveterate ill.  
Purging the one prescribed: No quoth the other,  
That will do neither good nor harm dear brother—  
Bleeding's the only thing—'twas quick replied,  
That's certain death.—But since we differ wide,  
'Tis fit the husband chose by whom t' abide.  
'Is so great skill,' cries Richard 'by the road!  
But let think bleeding's like to do most good.'

### NO FLATTERY.

Your homely face, Flippants you disguise  
With patches, numerous as Argus' eyes;  
I own that patching's requisite for you.  
For more we're pleased the less your face we view:  
Yet I advise since my advice you ask,  
Wear but one patch, and be that patch a mark.

### ANECDOTE.

Ned Shuter one day standing at a green stall in Bow street, was accosted by a shabby man, who asked him for charity, declaring he had not a shoe to his feet. Ned immediately presented him with part of his purchase at the stall, adding that if he had not a shoe to his feet before, he was now provided with a pair.

## EDWARD ROCKWELL,

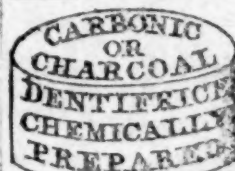
No. 200 Broadway.

Respectfully informs his friends and customers that he makes and has for sale a large assortment of fashionable gold Ear-rings some plain, fine gold pearl and filigree some with cornelian and pearl, Topaz & pearl with hair do. drops do. with cornelian, topaz and pearl of the newest patterns a large assortment of pearl and plain breast pins, brooches bracelets and necklaces pearl and plain Finger Rings, Miniature Settings, lockets, watch chains, keys and seals elegant silver tea sets, soup ladles, table desert and tea spoons sugar tongs salt spoons silver snuff boxes, thimbles, corset and bells and pencil cases.

He has also fashionable plated silver gadroon edge candlesticks and branches, brackets and chamber candlesticks, do. snuffers and trays with silver gadroons and shells liquor frames, bread baskets with silver gadroon and shells, fruit baskets, ditto cruet and soy frames, cruet frames with rich cut glass of 6, 7 and 8 bottles, with silver gadroon shells and feet, bottle stands, soup ladles, low priced candlesticks and castors.

Morocco pocket books, snuff boxes, tortoise shell pearl and turtaria segar boxes, silver, gilt, plated and steel spectacles pen and sportsman's knives razors, and cases, scissors tooth brushes, shuttle, bodkins hooks and eyes, cornelian coral amber, pearl and gilt beads, table knives and forks Steel and Carver's Britannia tea pots, tortoise shell and ivory combs and a variety of articles appropriate to his line of business which are too numerous to mention which he will sell at the lowest prices.

Feb 23



dentifrice of different sizes for sale by Nathaniel Smith Chemical Perfumer from London, at the Golden Rose No 150 Broadway corner of Liberty Street.

Also the following articles as usual with many other too numerous to mention Rose oil Antique for curling glossing thickening and preserving the hair and preventing its turning—chymical cosmetic wash balls his fine cosmetic cold cream cleans and prevents the skin from chapping, odour of roses for smelling bottles Smiths improved chymical milk of roses Smiths pomade de Grasse for thickening the hair, violet soap Smiths tooth paste warranted his superfine white hair powder violet rose 3s 6d Smiths royal paste for washing the skin Smiths highly improved hard and soft pomatum Smiths balsamic lip salve roses Smiths lotion for the teeth his purified alpine shaving cake, made on chymical principle to help the operation of shaving Smiths celebrated corn plaster elastic worsted and cotton Garter, salt of lemon for taking out iron marks ladies and gentlemen's pocket books the best warranted concave razors elastic razor strops shaving boxes Penknives scissors tortoise shell ivory and horn combs smelling bottles &c &c allowances to those who buy to sell again Tooth Powder and opiate black pins tooth and cloth brushes vegetable rouge and pearl cosmetic lavender cologne honey hungary rose Jassamin Eau de miel and eau de rose water shaving powder—corn plaster, &c.

Merchants supplied wholesale for exportation.

New Novels &c, for sale at this Office

Scottish Chiefs  
Dominican  
Caleb in search of a Wife  
Adeline Mowbray  
Bravo of Venice  
Leonora  
Ella Rosenburgh  
Soldiers Love and Sailors Friendship  
Saracen 2 vol.  
Modern Ship of Fools, &c.

ALSO

Just received a neat pocket Edition of Youngs Night Thoughts price 75 cents.

## SALES AT AUCTION

BY ROBERT M-MENNON  
No. 120 Water street.

This evening at half past 6 o'clock, a Valuable collection of Books, of Law, Divinity, History, &c, Novels &c

N. B. There will be Sales of Books on Saturday Evening, through the season Catalogues on the day of sale.

### TUESDAY.

1 o'clock in the Fontaine Coffee House 6 years unexpired lease from the 1st of May of the House and Lot No. 17 in Frankfort. The Lot is 21 feet front and 18 feet in the rear and 50 feet deep.—The House is 2 stories has a dining room, one sitting room and rooms with a large garret and an excellent cellar kitchen, subject to no rent.

Also 6 years lease from the 1st of May next that excellent stand for a grocery store, on Wm Street corner of Frankfort st. with a large under the store—sittingroom and kitchen the first floor 2 large rooms and 2 bed rooms the second story. The store has been long established as a grocery, and is let for 300 dollars ensuing year. There is an excellent pump water by the door—ground rent 80 dollars—at the time of sale.—For further particulars enquire of

KERR & CARLISLE, 124 W

### PRIVATE SALE.

Two Show Windows, to be seen at T. Hindsale's, corner of Broadway and 1st Street.

14 years lease of Lot No. 395 Broadway the house and shop thereon, each 25 by 36 two stories high; the second floor of the house in front, has two fire places, rooms, 1 bed and pantry, and 2 bed rooms in the rear every convenience for the cooking and living but could be made a good store with little expense. For further particulars enquire of Chamber Street, opposite the Adams house the auction room.

### NEW AND INCREASING CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

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